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ON ELEGIAC POETRY.

From MISCELLANEOUS WORKS by J. BLAIR LINN.

(Continued from Page 89.)

I HAD almost resolved not to mention any particular beauty in these extracts, but cannot refrain here from observing the feeling and pathetic manner in which the poet describes the amiable sensibility and virtuous poverty of his deceased learned acquaintance, in these two lines:—

Yet at another's woe the swain would weep,
And for his friends his very crook was fold.

In the second extract, and second verse, he nicely distinguishes between the grief of a father, and the delicacy and shameful anguish of a mother—

For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

In the succeeding verses, with elegant simplicity he describes the sorrowful reflections of Jessy—Every object, once delightful to her, seems to talk of truth and innocence—The flowers reproach her with her shame, and forbid her to approach them—

Hope not to find delight in us they say,
For we are spotless, Jessy, we are pure.

The celebrated Gray has obtained more fame in the literary world, by the production of one Elegy, than by all his other works, although a celebrated critic has pronounced his odes to be the most elegant poetry of that particular species in the English language—A striking proof of the agreeable impression which elegy makes upon the mind of the generality of men. The name of Gray will never be forgotten, as the author of the elegy in a country church yard—It was the death of an old and intimate friend which impressed upon his mind a gloom and melancholy, which gave rise to this exquisite and inimitable performance—to every line of it we may apply this line of Beattie—*He thought as a sage, but he felt as a man.*

Although, in my opinion, Shenstone excels Gray in the simplicity of his elegy, yet Gray carries with him a more solemn grandeur—The one sooner excites the tear of sympathy, while the other more expands the imagination, and gives the mind the more elevated thought.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault;
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long drawn ayle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call its fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?
Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extacy the living lyre.
But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did never unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean beat;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

A GENTLEMAN had two children, the one a daughter that was very plain in her person; the other a boy that was a great beauty. As they were at play together, one day, they saw their faces in a looking-glass that stood in their mother's chair; upon which the boy seeing his beauty was so charmed with it, that he extolled it mightily to his sister, who took these praises of beauty, as so many reflections on her disagreeableness. She went to her father, acquainted him with the affair, and made very great complaints of her brother's rudeness to her. Upon this, the old prudent gentleman, instead of being angry, took them upon his knees and embracing both with the greatest tenderness, gave them this excellent advice. I would have you both look at yourselves in the glass every day; you, my son, that you may be reminded never to dishonour the beauty of your face, by the deformity of your actions; and you my daughter, that you may take care to hide the defect of beauty in your person, by the superior lustre of a virtuous and amiable conduct.

HISTORY OF
DONNA ELVIRA DE ZUARES.

In the following beautiful history, are depicted in the most striking colours, the advantages of patience and resignation; the whole, founded on fact, is admirably calculated to inspire a confidence in Divine Providence, that however trying and overwhelming our present afflictions may be, by the exertion of the virtues delegated to us, we have a right to look forward with certain hope for their speedy termination.

AFTER the Duke of Alva had subjected the kingdom of Portugal to the crown of Spain, Philip II. employed his utmost policy to make himself beloved and feared by all the great families of the Portuguese: he knew they endured his yoke with impatience; and those who had submitted themselves, did it either because they had no longer the power to resist, or through a motive of ambition in hope to be raised by the conqueror to greater posts than they held before. One of the most considerable among the latter was Don Balthazar de Lama, a young Lord of an ancient and noble family; but whose ancestors had dissipated the greatest part of the estate which should have descended to him, in the service of the kings of Portugal.

His fortune, by this means, being little conformable to that ambition with which his soul was enflamed, made him look with joy on a revolution which presented him with an occasion of re-establishing his family: for the attainment of which, he neglected nothing that might procure him the favour of the king of Spain, and all the great men of his court. The extraordinary zeal he testified for the interest of that monarch, so much ingratiated him to the Duke of Alva, that he recommended him in so advantageous a manner to Philip II. as made him confer on him the most important employments: in all which he had the happiness to acquit himself with success.

Don Balthazar no sooner saw himself arrived at the height he wished, than he began to think of rendering his grandeur lasting by some powerful alliance: as ambition took up all his heart, and love had no part of the nuptials he designed to form, he gave himself all necessary time to find out a person whose family and riches might fully gratify that darling passion.

Donna Elvira de Zuares, who was the sole inheretrix of the vast wealth of one of the most flourishing and powerful families in all Portugal, and whose excellent beauty was even more the subject of discourse than her riches, was the object on which Don Balthazar cast his eyes. Elvira was no more than eighteen years old, and was under the care of Don Pedro de Zuares, brother to her father, who dying, left her to his tuition: he loved her with an extreme tenderness, and seeing her the only hope of the family, he having no children, took all imaginable care to educate her in such a manner, as should make her worthy the immense fortune she was to be the mistress of.

From such a description of Donna Elvira, it may be supposed that Don Balthazar found her surrounded with a great number of admirers; but one among them was

distinguished from the rest, not only for being the most amiable and perfect of all the Cavaliers, but also as he had been made choice of by her mother, while they were in their most tender infancy. That lady had been united in the most strict friendship with the parent of Don Sebastian de Suza, for that was the name of this young lord; and the father of Donna Elvira being also pleased with the proposal, these two beautiful children were brought up with the belief that they were born for each other, and should one day be joined in the most indissoluble hands.

Their innocent hearts taking the impression from the mouths of persons they were accustomed to obey in every thing, soon began to love each other, and to declare it; their passion commencing before the knowledge of those rules which forbid making any shew of it, but under particular limitations, unbridled nature discovered itself in every look and action. Sebastian was restrained by no awe or terror of offending, and Elvira knew not that she had any cause to blush in avowing he was the dearest thing on earth to her. Thus was their affection conceived in innocence, brought up in duty, and confirmed and augmented as they daily arrived at a more perfect knowledge of the perfections of each other.

The father and mother of Elvira dying, before either she or Don Sebastian had arrived at years sufficient to enter into the married state, Don Pedro de Zuares encouraged in the same manner they had done, the mutual tenderness of these young lovers; and they were every day expecting to be united forever, when the happy moment was retarded by the terrible disorders of the state. Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, engaging himself in that unfortunate expedition into Africa, lost his life, and great part of his best forces; and this it was that laid the realm open to the invasion of the Duke of Alva, and gave the first occasion to those troubles which ended in the entire subversion of the Government.

This amiable young couple beheld not the opposition of the times, without an extreme concern, but their fortitude enabled them to sustain it without any visible marks of weakness; and the public tranquillity was no sooner re-established, than Don Pedro began to think of concluding their marriage, no obstacle appeared to their desires, when the ambitious Don Balthazar de Lama raised up one, which all their love and fidelity was insufficient to remove. He was not ignorant of the mutual tenderness of these two lovers, nor the engagements of Don Pedro, but vain of the merits of his person, and the great interest he had at the court of Spain, he easily persuaded himself, he should be accepted before all the rivals in the world. In this belief, he hesitated not to make his addresses to Elvira, and to desire Don Pedro would forward his pretensions.

As his birth and interest with Philip II. demanded respect, Don Pedro de Zuares received him with all the honours he could expect; which still flattering him with a belief, that his proposals would be gratefully received, he resolved not to defer letting him know the business on which he came.

For this purpose, having engaged him to walk with him on the banks of the Tagus, and being a little separated from the company that went with them, "my lord," said he,

looking on him with a countenance which testified his inward assurance of success, "I flatter myself, that the proposal I have made to you will be far from disagreeable; the advantages you may derive from it, convince me, you will receive it with pleasure. You know that I have the honour to be beloved by our present Monarch, the favours I have received from him, and those I have reason to expect, are undeniable proofs of his goodness to me: what I have done, may enable you to judge what is in my power to do, and should be sufficient to make you think an alliance with me, your interest as well as mine. Our families are now the most considerable in all Portugal, and yours, by being united to mine, will persuade King Philip, that your attachment to him is equal to what he has found from me, and you will have a right to demand posts of honour and employments for yourself and friends, to which otherwise you could have no pretensions, or hope of obtaining."

(To be continued.)

Letters addressed to YOUNG WOMEN, (married or single)
by Mrs. GRIFFITH.

LETTER IX.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF EARLY CULTIVATING THE MINDS OF CHILDREN; AND OF GIVING THEM THE EARLIEST IDEAS OF TRUTH AND BENEVOLENCE.

(Continued from page 92, and concluded.)

THERE cannot be a more blameable, I might say criminal character, than that of a mother who neglects to improve the first dawns of reason in her own children; but what a degree of inhumanity is it, not only to neglect, but even to check a child for asking questions of the most important nature!—I have heard of a child of five years old corrected for asking, "what is a lye? and what is being charitable?"—questions of the utmost consequence to be most minutely explained. The little ignorant querist has stood with a face of the most anxious curiosity; but instead of being informed, has been sharply rebuked by his gay mother (perhaps dressing for a public place) with this answer, "Lord, child, what foolish questions you ask!—Go to play—and don't tease me with any more of such nonsense!" The poor child snubbed, disappointed, and abashed, in thinking he has done wrong, turns away in tears, and is obliged for information, to any sensible question he may be inclined to ask, to one of the servants; who perhaps tells him, "a lye is a joke," &c. &c. How is it possible a child in such a situation should know what is merely right or wrong? what is truth or falsehood? and yet, perhaps, the next hour, this very infant will be whipped for daring to tell an untruth. Equally cruel and preposterous is this—and yet nothing can be more common, than to correct a child for what it does not know is a fault. There are mothers (I blush for the credit of my sex to write it) who know not if their children can spell their names, even at the advanced age of eight years;—and there are fathers, who, from their children be-

ing constantly kept in a nursery, know not even their faces:—Alas! little do such parents know the pleasures of that delightful task,

- "To rear the tender thought,
- "To teach the young idea how to shoot,
- "To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
- "To breathe the inspiring spirit, to implant
- "The generous purpose in the glowing breast."

We see with what unwearied assiduity a curious florist attends his little nursery; he visits them early and late; he guards them from the spoils of insects; places them in the most advantageous situation; screens them from the violence of the winds; marks the springing buds, the lovely tints, with the most unabated attention; and never intermits his anxious cares, till he sees them blown into full perfection; and shall (let me ask a careless parent) a few painted leaves, which to-day live only, and to-morrow fall to the ground, be attended with more zealous application than the exalted faculties of an immortal soul—and that the soul of their own child?

Many people think the first instructions given to children, a tiresome task; but surely to a good and patient mind it is attended with the highest satisfaction. Wonderfully pleasing are the questions of a sensible child, desirous of improvement; the innocent simplicity of that very early age (*uncorrupted by the world*) and their native love of truth, joined with their artless questions, and often surprising remarks, render the task of instruction as agreeable as important. Great care should be taken not to load their memory with precepts less proper to form their manners than to obscure their reason. As their questions are the most simple, the dictates of pure nature, so should the answers be equally simple and plain. The great point should be, whilst their tender minds are so susceptible of impression, to lead them imperceptibly to virtue, by such methods as may seem rather to amuse than to instruct; to excite their attention with natural images, and pictures of such simple nature as occur to them every day, and that are the most natural and pleasing; and to enlarge their ideas with such stories, or short accounts of people, and things, as are calculated for giving them delight, and at the same time are capable of imprinting on their tender minds proper sentiments of religion, justice, and virtue.

One of the very first ideas that should be impressed on their infant-mind, is universal tenderness to animals, birds, and in short even to every degree of insect-existence; this cannot be inculcated at too early an age: it may be made a play and amusement, by which means the child is imperceptibly led to compassion and benevolence. One cannot wonder at the cruelties practised by school-boys in general; as, in the very early part of their former nursery, they are permitted, by their simple servants, to exercise every kind of wanton cruelty on some unfortunate dog, or whatever poor animal they can obtain. Birds of all kinds they look upon as a prey, on which they amuse themselves with every kind of wanton cruelty that can be invented;—sometimes they are dragged about in a string, or given to the merciless cat. They are even taught to laugh at the tor-

ments of these poor animals; who are certainly entitled not only to our benevolence, but to our kindest care and protection. *Insects of every kind* (I have always observed) children are taught to *kill*, a custom as barbarous as absurd: whereas they ought to be made, to the *young mind*, a subject of the most amazing *power, wisdom, and benevolence* of the great Creator, who, out of his unbounded exuberant *goodness*, has diffused happiness into such infinite forms of existence. How wonderful are the displays of divine indulgence in these worlds of life! because dead matter is incapable of delight, the gracious Creator has raised innumerable ranks of perceptive existence, such as are qualified to taste his bounty, and to enjoy a happiness suited each to his peculiar state; and which we cannot wantonly destroy, without robbing, at least a *being* of its existence. With the glorious design of *imparting happiness*, the regions of inferior nature are stocked with an infinite series of sensitive beings!—the waters teem with shoals of finny inhabitants—the dry land swarms with animals of every order—the firmament is occupied by multitudes of winged people;—all this I am convinced a child of four years old is very capable of being informed;—and to be told, that not so much as a green leaf but lodges and feeds its innumerable tenants.

" Scarce buds a leaf, or springs the lowest weed,
 " But little flocks upon its bosom feed:
 " No fruit our palate courts, or flower our smell,
 " But on its fragrant bosom nations dwell;
 " All form'd with proper faculties to share
 " The daily bounties of his common care;
 " The great Creator, from his heavenly throne,
 " Pleas'd on the wide expanded joy looks down,
 " And his eternal law is only *this*,
 " That *all* contribute to the general bliss."

These sentiments should be daily inculcated—and the child assured, that the

———" *poor beetle*,
 " Which he treads upon,
 " In corporal suffering feels as much
 " As when a giant dies."

But alas! instead of this method of *training* them to benevolence, a child, as soon as it can even speak or walk, is initiated in cruelty; as if it were the distinguishing characteristic of *our species*, to exercise this kind of barbarity, in assuming a privilege of *killing* every insect within our reach. Some children are entertained by their maids with the amazing *sport* of killing flies. I have more than once heard a mother endeavouring to quiet a forward child, by offering as a reward—"be quiet and you shall *kill a fly*."—The child so tutored naturally thinks it right to crush to death every insect within its reach; and, what is still more cruel, they are even taught to *pursue* those which are least capable of defending themselves, and who even shrink with fear from our rude touch. This very helpless part of the creation have undoubtedly a claim to our tenderest pity and protection. A child should be taught that he cannot wantonly and wilfully destroy one of these amazing

wonders of God's benevolence, without offending *him*. The busy bee—the labouring ant—the harmless fly, are the most common objects—and trifling as they may appear to the injudicious observer, they are capable of being made the *finest* lessons of instruction and morality, to even a child of five years old.—These simple objects as the most *familiar*, might be made the most *important*.—The ingenious Sir Richard Steele, author of the *Tatler*, says, he never saw so lovely a sight, "as a little boy of four years, weeping over a beautiful butterfly his brother had just killed." These amiable sights would be more frequent, if care was taken, at that early age to instil compassion and benevolence into their susceptible bosoms as one of the first principles. The most common objects, which more immediately strike their notice at that childish part of life (in which they have commonly *more understanding* than is *imagined*) might be made of the utmost importance.—They are usually fond of birds, flowers, shells, &c. each of which beautiful productions of nature abounds with instructions.—Shew these little innocents, that they may learn improvement from the most insignificant bird that wanders in the air; from the meanest herb that is scattered on the face of the earth:—not the smallest blade of grass which trembles in the wind, but might afford a lesson of fine morality.—Endeavour to enlarge their minds, and to ennoble their conceptions;—so mix improvement with entertainment that nothing may escape them without yielding some matter of instruction—and endeavour to deduce the sublimest truths from the most trivial occurrences.—But I grow faint—and must lay down my weary pen.—Adieu—Adieu! In my next I will pursue this, to me delightful subject.

I am your's, &c.

SYMPATHY.

A SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

—"I Wish you well!" said an elderly lady—"let those who cannot feel the sweet touches of Sympathy, deride its influence, and question it's existence." Those words instantly vibrated every feeling of my soul! They are simple in themselves; but the expressive look that accompanied them, spoke more than volumes could convey. Ah! how glorious is the magnetic power of Sympathy, which insensibly draws to a congenial soul! O sacred fountain from whence springs the most exalted love, the most lasting friendship! it is by Sympathy, that virtuous minds no sooner meet than they feel—what is only to be felt, for words fail to pourtray the inward workings of the soul at such a moment—a friendship fervent, pure, and eternal! Though meanness and avarice despise thy reign, and though brutal minds brand with the title of youthful folly thy sublime and soul-elevating influence; yet, may I ever feel thy finer touch! nor would I exchange thy mental luxury for all the wealth of India or Peru!—

A NECDOTE.

An Athenian who wanted eloquence, but was very brave, when another had, in a long and brilliant speech promised great affairs, got up and said, "Men of Athens, all that he has *said*, I will *do*."

THE APPARITIONIST.

AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT,

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF COUNT O*****

Translated from the German of Schiller.

(Continued from Page 95.)

"WHAT do you know of him? What connection have you with him? Do not conceal the truth from us."——

"I shall take care not to do so: for who will be bound that he is not among us at this very moment?"——

"Where? Who?" exclaimed we altogether, looking fearfully about the room. "It is impossible."——

"Oh! to this man, or whatever else he may be, things still more incomprehensible are possible!"——

"But who is he? Whence does he come? Is he Armenian or Russian? Of the characters he assumes, which is his real one?"——

"He is nothing of what he appears to be. There are few conditions or countries, of which he has not worn the mask. No person knows who he is, whence he comes, or whither he goes. That he has been for a long time in Egypt, as many pretend, and that he has brought from thence, out of a catacomb, his occult sciences, I will neither affirm or deny. Here we only know him by the name of the INCOMPREHENSIBLE. How old for instance, do you think he is?"——

"To judge from his appearance, he can scarcely have passed forty."——

"And of what age do you suppose I am?"——

"Not far from fifty."——

"Well; and I must tell you, that I was but a boy of seventeen, when my grandfather spoke to me of this marvellous man, whom he had seen at *Famagusta*; at which time he appeared nearly of the same age, as he does at present."——

"This is exaggerated, ridiculous, and incredible."——

"By no means. Was I not prevented by these fetters, I would produce vouchers, whose dignity and respectability should leave you no doubt. There are several credible persons, who remember having seen him, each at the same time, in different parts of the globe. No sword can wound, no poison can hurt, no fire can burn him; no vessel in which he embarks can be shipwrecked or sunk. Time itself seems to lose its power over him. Years do not dry up his moisture, nor age whiten his hair. Never was he seen to take any food. Never did he approach a woman. No sleep closes his eyes. Of the twenty-four hours in the day, there is only one which he cannot command; during which no person ever saw him, and during which he never was employed in any terrestrial occupation."

"And this hour is?"——

"The twelfth in the night. When the clock strikes twelve, he at that moment ceases to belong to the living. In whatever place he is, he must immediately be gone; whatever business he is engaged in, he must instantly leave it. The terrible sound of the hour of midnight, tears him from the arms of friendship,

"wrests him from the altar, and would drag him away even in the agonies of death. Whither he then goes, or what he is then engaged in, is a secret to every one. No person ventures to interrogate, and still less to follow him. His features at this dreadful hour, contract a degree of gravity so gloomy, and so terrifying, that no person has courage sufficient to look in his face, or to speak a word to him. However lively the conversation may have been, a dead silence immediately succeeds it, and all around him wait for his return in an awful horror, without venturing to quit their seats, or to open the door, through which he has passed."——

"Does nothing extraordinary appear in his person when he returns?"——

"Nothing, except that he seems pale and languid, nearly in the state of a man who has just suffered a painful operation, or received disastrous intelligence. Some pretend to have seen drops of blood on his linen but with what degree of veracity, I cannot affirm."——

"Did no person ever attempt to conceal the approach of this hour from him, or endeavour to engage him in such diversions, as might make him forget it?"——

"Once only, it is said he passed his time. The company was numerous and remained together late in the night. All the clocks and watches were purposely set wrong, and the warmth of conversation hurried him away. When the fatal moment arrived, he suddenly became silent and motionless; his limbs continued in the position in which this instant had arrested them; his eyes were fixed, his pulse ceased to beat. All the means employed to wake him proved fruitless, and this situation endured till the hour had elapsed. He then revived on a sudden without any assistance, cast up his eyes, and re-assumed his speech with the same syllable as he was pronouncing at the moment of interruption. The general consternation discovered to him what had happened, and he declared with an awful solemnity, that they ought to think themselves happy in having escaped with no other injury than fear. The same night he quitted forever the city where this circumstance had occurred. The common opinion is that during this mysterious hour he converses with his genius. Some even suppose him to be one of the departed, who is allowed to pass twenty-three hours of the day among the living, and that in the twenty-fourth his soul is obliged to return to the infernal regions, to suffer its punishment. Some believe him to be the famous *Apollonius* of *Tyana*;* and others, the disciple *John*, of whom it is said---he shall remain until the last judgment."——

"A character so wonderful," replied the Prince, "cannot fail to give rise to extraordinary conjectures. But

* *Apollonius*, a Pythagorean philosopher, was born at *Tyana*, in *Capadocia*, about three or four years before the birth of Christ. At sixteen years of age he became a strict observer of Pythagoras's rules, renouncing wine, women and all sorts of flesh; not wearing shoes, letting his hair grow, and wearing nothing but linen. He soon after set up for a reformer of mankind, and chose his habitation in the temple of *Esculapius*, where he is said to have performed many miraculous cures. On his coming of age he gave part of his wealth to his eldest brother, distributed another part to some poor relations, and kept very little for himself. There are numberless fabulous stories recounted of him. He went five years without speaking; and yet during this time, he stopped many seditions in *Cicilia* and *Pamphylia*; travelled, and set up for legislator; and he gave out that he un-

"all this you profess to know only by hearsay, and yet his behaviour to you, and yours to him, seemed to indicate a more intimate acquaintance. Is it not founded upon some particular event in which yourself has been concerned? Conceal nothing from us."—

The Sicilian remained silent, as if uncertain whether he should speak or not.

"If it concerns something," continued the Prince, "that you do not wish to publish, I promise you, in the name of these two gentlemen, the most inviolable secrecy. But speak openly, and without reserve."—

"Could I hope," answered the prisoner at last, "that you would not produce these gentlemen as evidence against me, I would tell you a remarkable adventure of this Arminian which I have myself been witness of, and which will leave you no doubt of his supernatural powers. But I beg leave to conceal some names."—

"Cannot you do it without this condition?"—

"No, my Prince. There is a family concerned in it, which I ought to respect."—

"Let us hear then."—

"About five years ago, being at Naples, where I practised my art with very good success, I became acquainted with a person of the name of *Lorenzo del M . . .* Chevalier of the order of St. Stephen, a young and rich nobleman, of one of the first families in the kingdom, who loaded me with kindnesses, and seemed to have a great esteem for my occult sciences. He told me that the *Marquis del M . . .* his father, was a zealous admirer of the Cabbala* and would think himself happy in having a philosopher like me, (for such he was pleased to call me) under his roof. The *Marquis* lived in one of his country seats on the sea shore about seven miles from Naples. There, almost entirely secluded from the world, he bewailed the loss of a beloved son, of whom he had been deprived by a fatal accident. The *Chevalier* gave me to understand,

derstood all languages, without having ever learned them; he could tell the thoughts of men, and understood the oracles which birds delivered by their singing. The heathens opposed the pretended miracles of this man to those of our Saviour, and gave the preference to this philosopher. After having for a long time imposed upon the world, and gained a great number of disciples, he died in a very advanced age, about the end of the first century. His life, which is filled with absurdities, was written by *Philostratus*; and *Mr. du Pin* has published a confutation of *Appollonius's* life, in which he proves that the miracles of this pretended philosopher carry strong marks of falsehood, and that there is not one which may not be imputed to chance or artifice. *Appollonius* himself wrote some works, which are now lost.

* *Cabbala* is properly a mysterious kind of science, delivered by revelation to the ancient Jews, and transmitted by oral tradition to those of our times, serving for the interpretation of difficult passages in scripture, and to discover future events by the combination of particular words, letters and numbers. It is likewise termed the oral law. But *Cabbala* among Christians, is also applied to the use, or rather abuse, which visionaries and enthusiasts make of scripture, for discovering futurity, by the study and consideration of the combination of certain words, letters and numbers in the sacred writings. All the words, terms, magic characters or figures with stones and talismans, numbers, letters, charms, &c. employed in magic operations, are comprised under this species of *Cabbala*, and the word is used for any kind of magic, on account of the resemblance this art bears to the Jewish *Cabbala*. The Jews, however, never use the word in any such sense, but always with the utmost respect and veneration.

"that he and his family might perhaps have occasion to employ my secret arts in obtaining some very important intelligence; to procure which every natural means had been exhausted in vain. He added, with a very significant look, that he himself might, perhaps, at some future period, be brought to look upon me as the author of his tranquility, and of all his earthly happiness. The affair was as follows:

"*Lorenzo*, being the youngest son of the *Marquis*, had been destined for the church. The family estates were to devolve to the eldest. *Jeronymo*, which was the name of the latter, had spent many years on his travels, and had returned to his country about seven years prior to the event, which I am about to relate, in order to celebrate his marriage with the only daughter of a neighbouring Count. This marriage had been determined on by the parents during the infancy of the children, in order to unite the very large fortunes of the two houses. But though this agreement was made by the two families, without consulting the hearts of the parties concerned, the latter had mutually engaged their faith in secret. *Jeronymo del M . . .* and *Antonia C . . .* had been always brought up together, and the little constraint imposed on two children, whom their parents were already accustomed to regard as united, soon produced between them a connection of the tenderest kind. The congeniality of their tempers cemented this intimacy; and in riper years it matured insensibly into love. An absence of four years, far from cooling this passion, had only served to inflame it; and *Jeronymo* returned to the arms of his intended bride, as faithful and as ardent as if they had never been separated.

"The raptures of this re-union had not yet subsided, and the preparations for the happy day were advancing with the utmost zeal and activity, when *Jeronymo* disappeared. He used frequently to pass the afternoon in a summer house which commanded a prospect of the sea; and was accustomed to take the diversion of sailing on the water. One day, when he was at his favourite retirement, it was observed that he remained a much longer time than usual without returning, and his friends began to be very uneasy on his account. Boats were dispatched after him. Vessels were sent to sea in quest of him; no person had seen him. None of his servants could have attended him, for none of them were absent. Night came on, and he did not appear. The next morning dawned; the day passed: the evening succeeded; *Jeronymo* came not. Already they had begun to give themselves up to the most melancholy conjectures, when the news arrived, that an Algerine pirate had landed the preceding day on that coast, and carried off several of the inhabitants. Two galleys, ready equipped, were immediately ordered to sea. The old *Marquis* himself embarked in one of them, to attempt the deliverance of his son at the peril of his own life. On the third day they perceived the corsair. The wind was favourable; they were just about to overtake him, and even approached him so near that *Lorenzo*, who was in one of the galleys, fancied that he

"saw, upon the deck of the adversary's ship, a signal made by his brother; when a sudden storm separated the vessels. Hardly could the damaged galleys sustain the fury of the tempest. The pirate, in the mean time had disappeared, and the distressed state of the other vessels obliged them to land at Malta. The affliction of the family was beyond all bounds. The distracted old *Marquis* tore off his grey hairs in the utmost violence of grief; and the life of the young Countess was despaired of. Five years were consumed, after this event, in fruitless enquiries. Diligent search was made along all the coast of Barbary; immense sums were offered for the ransom of the young *Marquis*, but no person claimed it. The only probable conjecture which remained for the family to form, was that the same storm which separated the galleys from the pirate, had destroyed the latter, and that the whole ship's company had perished in the waves.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE COUNTRY INN—A FRAGMENT.

IN IMITATION OF STERNE.

***** **N**OW, whether it was from the excessive fatigue of travelling at such a rate in the middle of August, or from the darkness of the night, I will not take it upon me to determine—but so it was—that the new post-horse that I had bought at New-York, laid down and would not budge a single peg—s's-t—s's-t—get up Sirrah—here now—go—s's-t—s's-t—You might as well try to get a snort out of a dead mule, as to get him to stir one single inch—The driver swore the horse had the yellow fever, and would not attempt to help him up. I had therefore to leave him with the coach till morning, whilst I took the other horse out and rode to the next inn.—Never did I hear such a confusion of voices—Draw—reach—fill—T'other bout lads—Pho, that's an old story—More ale waiter—ho! boys rare stuff—you lie you thief—tut, what work the fellow makes about a sorry six-pence—More wine here—fill boy—fill—huzza lads—Nectar and Ambrosia!

In one corner is a wit and a batchelor discoursing on the nature of Epidemic Fevers—under a broken table lies an old High Dutcher, as drunk as Latham's sow—here is a pot-gutted Alderman laying forth the excellencies of roast-beef and plumb pudding—Huddled up in one corner sits the corpulent hostess, two of her old female neighbours, a greasy negro wench, a scullion, three children, a dog and a cat, listening with great attention to a tall country gawkie, who is telling wonderful stories about ghosts, devils and hobgoblins, at the rate of a pint of beer for each tale.

In another end of the room is the village Sexton, delivering an oration two hours long on the transcendent virtues of pepper and vinegar—Here is an English horse jockey, who after having made a bet of 100 guineas with a country Squire, that the landlord's negro who was to run his horse at the next grand heat, did not weigh more

than 150 lb.—Now, whether it was from the boy's eating a hearty supper, or whether the jockey made a rough guess I can't tell, but the fellow on being weighed proved three pounds heavier than what was agreeable to the bet; the jockey was for having the overplus cut out with a knife from his most fleshy part, but on mine host's representing the danger of losing his negro by such a severe operation, the son of the stable exclaimed O d——me charge him in the bill.

Shame on genius, said I to myself—had we the pen of an American Hogarth, even in a country inn, they might find ample food for speculation. **S H A N D Y.**

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Mr. BULL,

The following Query is offered for discussion—by inserting it you will much oblige a correspondent. **V E R I T A S.**

WHETHER a man of fortune must absolutely be put down NOBODY, unless he games and keeps a mistress?

N E W - Y O R K.

M A R R I E D.

On Sunday evening the 6th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Nesbit, Mr. JOHN I. KETCHUM, of Bermuda, to Miss SUSANNAH JAUNCEY, of this city.

On Friday evening the 11th inst. Mr. MICHAEL FITZSIMONS, to Miss PHOEBE HYER, only daughter of Mr. Walter Hyer.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POVERTY—AN ELEGY, is received, and shall have a place in our next.—The SOLUTION of the Enigmatical List of Young Ladies, came too late for insertion in this number.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 14th to the 22d inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at				Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER.
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.	deg. 100		
SEPT. 14	72	50	81	80	s. do. do.	cloudy light wind.
15	75	50	85	50	sw. s. do.	cloudy clear do.
16	76		87	83	sw. do.	cloudy clear do.
17	68	50	79	75	ne. do. do.	cloudy clear do.
18	77		78	76	s. do. do.	clear high wind.
19	60		65	50	n. n. w. do.	rain in the night, clear.
20	60		68	50	w. sw. do.	clear li. win. rain h. w.
21	53	50	61	57	nw. do.	clear high wind do.
22	48				n.	clear.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

T H E R O S E

[Originally written by a Young Lady of this City]

THE fairest verdant flower that blows,
Is sure the fragrant damask rose:
But though the sweetest flower of May,
No one so quickly fades away.

Thus youth, your bloom will soon be past;
Old age approaches on you fast:—
Learn of the withering rose I pray,
All things are subject to decay.

C H A R L O T T E.

NEW-YORK, September 14, 1795.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE HANDLE.

SOMEbucks in London, on a certain time,
 Wishing to have a little merriment,
 With one just landed from Columbia's clime,
 One evening to a tavern with him went :
 And there most sumptuously they did regale
 Their busy mouths; and much they did destroy
 Of beef, bread, mutton, cyder, wine, and ale;
 For manfully they did themselves employ;
 And all attentive to the *stranger* guest,
 Oft did they fill his glass, and oft his plate;
 While witless he with pride and joy elate,
 Thought never man such courteous friends possess.
 At length the feat of eating ended,
 One of the company arose,
 And pray'd the rest his absence to excuse,
 " Mine uncle dear (quoth he, is very ill,
 " And he this night, though sore against my will,
 " By me intreats to be attended.,'
 All for his quick depart gave full consent,
 He made a civil bow, and off he went.
 Immediately, two gentles more
 Remembered they some business had to do,
 But kindly begg'd th' American not to go
 'Till they return'd—which would be in an hour.
 Two more the waiter call'd away;
 So in the supper room did stay,
 Of Britons only one;
 And while the Yankee look'd about,
 He likewise unperceiv'd slept out
 And left the wight alone.
 Then did he see upon the fill
 The grinning LANDLORD, with his yard-long bill,
 Who very civilly demanded pay.
 " Oh sir (the gentle youth surpris'd did say)
 " Where are the other guests?
 " They (quoth the landlord sniggering) all are gone,
 " And since you chose to stay behind alone,
 " You pay for all the rest.
 " Ha! ha! I see you don't know Lunnon yet,
 " Our British blades are monstrous fond of wit,
 " Yes, yes, that fellow's skull must be well made,
 " Who would in wit out-do a British blade."—
 Vext to the heart, the stranger mus'd awhile,
 Then turning round most sweetly he did smile,
 And say:
 " Well Landlord, since this plagy trick is so,
 " I think, to smooth my temper ere I go,
 " That you and I will take a glass together,
 " For la! I value not my cash a feather,
 " So bring a bottle of your best I pray."
 Out whisk'd the landlord in a trice,
 To fetch his old *Champaign* so soft and nice,
 But when he with the bottle in did walk,
 With sad surprize he started,
 And a most rueful exclamation made:
 For lo! the young American had departed!
 And nought had left to pay for the good wine,
 Save this short line,
 Wrote on the table with a piece of chalk;
 " A Yankee Handle for a British Blade!"

PETRONELLA.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

A VERSION

Of part of OSSIAN's Lamentation on the Death of CA

THE solitary thoughts are sad
 That croud on Ossian's tortur'd brain:
 While mem'ry comes in horrors clad
 To tell "Ardlia's chief is slain."

Calmar! my son, my much lov'd son,
 Thy fleeting breath hath fled away;
 Not all the deeds which thou hast done
 Death's unrelenting arm could stay.

Thou wert a sun-beam to thy friends,
 A flash of lightning to thy foes;
 In war a hurricane, which rends
 The lofty forests tow'ring rows.

Prop of thy sire's declining years,
 My aged bosom knew no woes,
 While Calmar liv'd to looth the fears
 That in a parent's fancy rose.

But Ossian now is left to mourn
 His only son's untimely fate:
 To sigh for joys which ne'er return,
 And patiently for death to wait.

The fields their foliage will renew,
 And spring fresh charms to nature give;
 The sun will smile thro' drops of dew,
 But no green branch of mine shall thrive.

When blood and carnage strew'd the plain,
 My son triumphant led the way:
 No thought of danger, fear or pain,
 Could his victorious ardour stay.

Success inspir'd his youthful breast,
 He fought to gain immortal fame:
 And while the foe his power confess'd,
 Their ranks recoil'd at Calmar's name.

But ah! my hopes were spent in vain,
 An arrow from Eduardo's bow
 Bid him his native skies regain,
 It laid the chief of heroes low.

ALEXIS.

New-York, Sept. 16th, 1795.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE BIBLE.

PRECIOUS BIBLE! certain guide
 To the bright realms of endless day;
 May I walk always by thy side,
 Nor from thy precepts turn away:

Then, when my happy race is run,
 And I resign my fleeting breath,
 I shall ascend, receive my crown,
 And triumph o'er the monster death.

North-Castle, April 2, 1799.

ETHICUS.